

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,  
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:  
*Edwards* unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the ghost of Queene Anne his wife.*

*Richard*, Thy wife that wretched *Anne* thy wife,  
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,  
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,  
To morrow in the battaile thinke one me,  
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.  
To *Rich*. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou aquiet sleepe,  
Dreame of successe and happy victory,  
Thy aduerfaries wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the ghost of Buckingham.*

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,  
The last was I that felt the tyranny,  
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,  
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:  
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,  
Fainting dispaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.  
To *Rich*. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,  
But chearethy heart, and be thou not dismaid,  
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,  
And *Richard* fals in height of all his pride.

*K. Richard started out of a dreame.*

*K Rich*. Giue me anothr horse, bind vp my wounds:  
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.  
O coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?  
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:  
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,  
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,  
*Richard* loues *Richard*, that is I am I,  
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,  
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,  
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;  
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good  
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,  
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:  
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.  
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,  
My conscience hath a thousand feuerall tongues,  
And euery tongue brings in a feuerall tale.  
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:  
Periury, in the highest degree,  
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,  
All feuerall finnes, all vside in each degree,  
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie,  
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,  
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:  
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,  
Find in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.  
Me thought the soules of all that I haue murdered  
Came to my tent, and euery one did threat  
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Rat* My Lord.

*King*. Zounds, who is there?

*Rat*. My Lord tis I: the earely village cocke,  
Haue thrice done salutation to the morne.

Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armour,  
*King*. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,  
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?

*Rat*. No doubt my Lord.

*King*. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,

*Rat*. Nay good my Lord be not affraid of shadowes.

*King*. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night  
Haue strooke more terrour to the soule of *Richard*,  
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers  
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmond*.  
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,  
Vnder our tents Ile play the ewese-dropper,  
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the lords to Richmond.*

*Lords*. Good morrow *Richmond*.